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it with a wad and turned to face the corpse. Each man now went with the same slow deliberateness to fetch his gun. The armed men formed a tight circle about the hammock, the widow in their midst pressed against it. Brandishing the weapon, the brother began the funeral declamation, a statement of grief and then anger and the threat of retaliation against the enemy. Each male mourner delivered his own address, always declaring his kinship relationship to the old man. The women accompanied the hoarse shouts of masculine anger with their own counterpoint of grief. After the last man had spoken they all fired their guns into the air together. The widow then withdrew to her hammock and lay silently while the men gathered about the hammock, caressed the corpse, and wept, accompanied in their grief by the women.

When this first wave of mourning, which lasted some two hours, had subsided, the headman's wife arrived, took her place at the head of the hammock, and delivered a long funeral oration that began in anger and ended in tears. As she finished it seemed that the grief had subsided; people stirred about more. Informally, and apparently spontaneously, the inquest began; names were mentioned and evidence cited. Women added their observations to those of the men, each citation being delivered in a loud and angry voice. The headman broke in on this, an hour after his wife had finished speaking. Armed with a gun he, too, approached the head of the hammock and delivered his funeral oration, concluding like the others with grief. During the angry part of his oration he summarized the suspicions and submitted his own. When the headman concluded, all the mourners drifted off and, since it was the middle of the night, all went to sleep. The respite was brief, and well before dawn mourning began again; mourners, men and women, approached the corpse (*yaiyú*) in the hammock, caressed it, and wept.

Preparations for burial began promptly at sunrise. Four men of the sib dug the grave (*tobékatcino*: hole underneath) four feet deep in an east-west direction to the left of the dance floor at the forward end of the house. They measured the corpse to get dimensions of the grave. When the grave had been dug halfway down one of the men lighted a cigarette and, bending over the sides but not entering the grave itself, blew cigarette smoke into each of its four corners, "so that the dead would always have tobacco."

It took several hours to dig out the grave with machetes. While this was being done, others were preparing a canoe as the old man's coffin. A man is buried in his own canoe as a rule. However, the canoe of João was an excellent one, whereas one of the men had only re-

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764 no part. They stood aside and watched, but none wept. But as the last action, before the grave was to be covered over, the men and the older married women seized each boy and brought him forcefully to the grave, pushing him down to his knees and forcing him to touch the coffin. The grave was covered, the earth smoothed, and excess earth removed to leave no hump on the dance floor. Weeping continued for half an hour after the earth had been leveled. Then, abruptly, all mourning ceased and people resumed their customary activities. By noon the children were romping over the burial place.

765 In the second phase of mourning, which pertains to the widow [614] (*nomyópeko*) alone, all sib, subsib, and phratry mates arrive to [615] grieve. Sib and subsib mates have an obligation to be the first mourners. Phratry mates who are passing by are obligated to pause and mourn. During this period of mourning the widow greets each arrival and escorts him or her to the burial place, where they both crouch, facing one another, arms about each other's shoulders, heads lowered, and weep. This weeping is ritualized. It begins abruptly and ends abruptly. This abruptness has impressed other observers as a mark of insincerity of grief. This is not the case at all, for mourning must, in Cubeo religious doctrine, become ritualized. One might say, however, that depth of grief and the expression of it need not be related too closely. As we have seen in several other contexts the Cubeo seek to identify an action with its appropriate emotion. Polite and restrained expressions of grief, as in Anglo-Saxon society, are inappropriate. The statement of grief must be a strong one. But as with any statement, it has a beginning and it has an end.

Apart from her obligation to escort visiting mourners to her husband's grave, the widow has no other formal obligations of mourning. She may remarry after one year, although the prospects for her [587] remarriage are actually poor. Even though the Cubeo sense a shortage of marriageable women, they seem to be afraid to marry a woman whose husband has died.

761 The Cubeo narrate the myth that once death was not permanent.
773 A woman had died and later returned to her husband. She pleaded vainly with him to accept her back. If he had taken his wife back, the people say, all the dead would then have been able to return to life.

764 **FUNERAL ORATION BY A SON**

537 Quickly he died. An evil person, a thoughtless person, poisoned us. And
539 so he died. He who was one of us. He [the murderer] did not care to behold us and so he did it. He [the deceased] did not live through the day. He, the evil one, will also die. He who has the poison, he shall go behind

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[he shall be abandoned]. His flesh will not be firm, he will rot away. He shall not shorten the days of my life. This one here [the deceased], he has departed. We shall endure. That thoughtless person, he did it. That poison had no power to make us sick, but he died. We do not have such poison. Such is not with us. He is the one who died. He did not live long enough to go and walk with us. Now we do not have a companion. As he died, so we, too, are going to die in this evil land. Let us bury him in our house, under the earth. Let us cover him. He has poisoned us and so we have lost one of us. And so my father has died. Where shall I see my father? He is buried. He has gone. He is ended on this day. He made me a man, he left me as a male descendant. I am still here. My father, my father. It is as if I, too, had died. I, too, can go. I know how. I am a man. When I shall see him [the murderer] I shall confront him. He and I shall meet. He who poisoned my father. It is I who live here. He did not care to behold my father and so he did it. My father raised me here. In my own land, in my father's house I will continue to live. He died, but I am not dead. I am still here. My father reared me as a man. I am going to kill him who poisoned my father. He who did this, I will do the same thing to him. [He fires his gun.]

FUNERAL ORATION BY A WIDOW

My husband has died. That evil person who did this to me, he, too, will die. We here shall not survive. He whom I wed at this place, my husband. Where shall I see him? They have buried him who was mine. He is gone now. It is finished. It is only today that he began to live here. They schemed, those who are of another place. They schemed about this, and so my own, my husband, has died. He died while with me. Now I remain a widow. Your father has died. Come and bury him. Your father said he had raised men as descendants of ours. My children, you are our men. They who did it did not care to behold your father and so now we are no more.

FUNERAL REMARKS OF A PHRATRY VISITOR

Over there where I live, I heard about it so I came to your house. Is it true you have lost your father? Where did you bury him? I heard about it over there where I live, so I came to your house. It is my privilege to shed tears for your father. Do not scheme revenge. He who killed him will also die. You and I, we have lost one of our own. We shall all die.

REPLY BY A SON

All right! Come in. I allowed my father – we allowed my father to die. In the same way that he died, we shall die. You have come from over there to shed tears. We are already finished, because we have lost one of ours. I allowed my father to die. As you have just spoken to me and asked, it is here that my father is buried. He did not last through the day. That evil one, he did not wish to behold us. He poisoned my father and that is why he died. Look over here [drawing the guest over to the grave]. Here is where he is. Here is where he is residing. Behold my father's house. My father has died. He is no longer alive. Badly he went.

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765 574 After the formal greetings, the guests return to their canoes to complete the decorations on the masks they have brought and to apply personal body decorations. [532] [302]

The sibs of the phratry arrive in late afternoon. These later arrivals are greeted by the hosts wearing dance masks. When they sight their guests they sally out of the house dancing and singing in a winding line around the front plaza. The guests respond by donning their own masks and dance up the path, each pair of masked dancers singing its own song. They mingle with the hosts. All complete a circle about the dance plaza, the hosts dance into the house, and the guests continue dancing outside. 765 574 535 614

765 574 535 Two Butterflies from among the guests approach the open doorway. Each in turn strikes the side wall violently with his rattles. From within Sloth and *Mávayo* thrust their long poles out at them and "beat them off." The Butterflies rejoin the others. Suddenly all the dancers rush the doorway and skirmish with the spirits within. Those with staffs thrust them at the attackers or use them to ward off a thrust. Those with rattles shake them violently. The "attack" is noisy and spirited. Beaten off again, the attackers re-form their dance line and dance to the rear of the house, seeking an entry through that quarter. But here the doorway is blocked with crossbars and guarded by Dung beetles, who thrust their long lances at the "attackers." Again the attacking dancers retire and resume their dance at the front of the house. After a while they take off their masks, hanging the garments on poles that have been set for this purpose along the front walls. Now, as humans, each strikes the side wall violently with his staff and enters the house. This entry is ritualized. The men flit in swiftly and silently on tiptoe, whispering *t t t i i i*, and circle the ceremonial remains of the deceased.

The male hosts have formed themselves into an outer semicircle facing the guest dancers. They lean on their staffs and look on grimly as the dancers complete the circle; then they whistle. At this the [537] dancers come to an abrupt halt in a semicircle facing the hosts and launch into the orations already described. The speeches are short, and the men change partners often, each moving out of position when necessary, or leaning past a companion at his side. After a few minutes the guests resume the flitting dance. They circle clockwise, whispering *iii iii iii*, and having completed one circle, dance counterclockwise and whistle. Alternating between clockwise and counterclockwise and whispering and whistling, they complete several circles led by their headman, who carries a rattle in his right hand. During this dance only the host headman remains standing and facing the dancers; the others retire to the benches set behind the dance [622]